Do You Know What It's Like?

May I ask you a question?

"Do you know what it's like?"

Do you know what it's like to be made fun of and teased? To have people point at you and say you're diseased? Because your skin is not the same color or you act differently so it gives them unease?

Do you know what it's like to have your lunch money stolen and your backpack thrown in a trash can? To close your eyes to escape the bullying and just wish you were Batman? To have that kind of strength to stand on your own in a world where loneliness is all you've ever known?

Do you know what it's like to wake up each day and self-medicate to make the hurt dissipate? To feel as though you're at the end of your rope with no hope so you cope using dope? To seek solace within your addiction, what they call an affliction, though numbing that pain is just a contradiction?

Do you know what it's like to have your opportunities capped because of their definitions of handicapped? To be cut off from the world and treated as if you have no abilities, though not all disabilities are impaired capabilities?

Do you know what it's like when your god is not their god so you face persecution because your beliefs have become some religious intrusion?

Do you know what it's like to see no other solution than to risk prosecution? All because you're simply just trying to be a good parent and support yourself and your kids by resorting to prostitution?

Do you know what it's like to wander the streets with no place to shower and no place to sleep so you start waving a sign in a parking lot for clean clothes and some money to eat? Struggling to struggle while having to juggle having no job and no home while praying to God for some sign he's not shown?

Do you know what it's like to be backed so far into a corner that you're forced to say, "Yes.?" By ripping away your sense of humanity because they wanted sex? To now walk around with the guilt of people knowing your secret... "Well you asked for it; You wanted it; You're just like your mother!; You couldn't save yourself; How could you save another?"

Do you know what it's like to fuel your own depression by putting your mental health on the back burner and that fear of regression becomes your new obsession?

Do you know what it's like to be at war with yourself AND the world, while begging to be seen as a person and for your voice to be heard? When looking in that mirror, you see nothing but pain because everyone says that you're the problem, and being yourself, that's what needs to change!

Do you know what it's like to be at that suicidal precipice because of someone else's voluntary prejudice? When others' words and opinions would gaslight you into believing you've no reason to live. While making you feel as though the world would be better off if you were gone, so your life you would give?

Do you know what it's like to fight the fight for equality, that, let's face it, no one can win? So long as we keep ostracizing each other further by creating new boxes **AND** letters to put us in.

Self-betterment...

That comes at the cost of self-degradation by way of modern-day segregation. To once again feel unsafe and ashamed of your pigmentation, your sexual orientation, your emotional and physical limitations, even your living situation. While stripping you bare of any and all motivation! *Do you know what it's like* to face discrimination? Well, I'm putting my foot down and I'm standing up! It's time the world knows that enough is enough! It is more often than not that we look down on others for what they don't have when compared to another. It is more often than not that we turn a blind-eye because we feel these things don't pertain to our own personal lives... That is to say, until someone else dies! But if we expect things to change then this is the key: We must never back down from adversity! Let's put an end to the stigmas by embracing diversity! If we could stop with all of the pointless belittling and blatant bigotry, well, you'll find that uniqueness is, in fact, inclusivity!